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THE

2

Country Life;

OR AN

~~Pam~~ 58

Invitation of the SOUL

TO

RETIREMENT.

BEING A

Poetical SOLILOQUY

ON

CANT. vii. 11.

By JOHN WREN, A. M.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE HISTORY OF THE

AMERICAN

POETRY

IN

THE

AMERICAN

T H E
P R E F A C E.



T H E following Poem is
only a Trial of Skill,
in Imitation of Mr.
ARWAKER'S Pia Desi-
deria, on a Subject the
most Beloved of any, by the Muses.

*If it flows in the soft and natural
Strains of the Original, and deviates
from the beaten Track into any Sort of
new and agreeable Ideas, to such
as delight in Serious and Divine
Poetry,*

The PREFACE.

Poetry, *I shall have my Aim, and may encourage my Muse, to some greater Lengths of this Nature. If not, I shall here give a seasonable Check to her Presumption, and resign my Pretensions to Persons of a more happy Genius and able Capacity, to illustrate and adorn a Province, which in my humble Opinion, is only worthy of the High-born Celestial Muses.*

ERRATA.

Page 4. l. 16. for the r. your. P. 9. l. 9. for the r. your.

THE

THE

Country Life, &c.

CANT. vii. 11.

*Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into
the Field, let us lodge in the Vil-
lages.*



ASTE, O my Soul, and wing thy
Course away

From *Brutish* Men, to *Brutes* more
mild than they.

B

Ye

2 *The COUNTRY LIFE, &c.*

Ye tender *Lambs*, which feed in Pastures green!
In you my *Saviour's* Innocence is seen.

Ye murm'ring *Doves*, which coo and bill by turns!
In you *Love's* gentle *Fire* for ever burns.

Ye *Beasts* of Prey, by Gratitude made tame,
Are all your *Maker's* Praise, of *Men* the Shame!

Fly then, *my Soul*, (where Birds and Beasts reside)
To those *blest Shades*, where Truth and Peace abide
Where Nature smiles, and kindly gives a Birth
To all the charming *Beauties* of the Earth.

Come then, *my Love*, *my Life*, let's take our Fill
Of Nature's *Charms* in some sweet *Country Vill*.

There flow'ry *Walks* shall gladly kiss your Feet,
And lead them *wearry* to some soft Retreat.

When

The COUNTRY LIFE, &c. 3

When faint or hot a gentle *Breeze* shall cool :
When thirsty grown, a limpid *Stream*, or *Pool*
Shall quench your Drought : *Poppies*, if sick, in Sleep,
As infant Slumbers *sweet* your Pain shall steep.

Let *Honour's* Feather airy Courtiers please ;
Let *Misers* hunt for Gold thro' Earth and Seas ;
In Floods of Drink let *Others* seek for Ease :
Let the proud *Cit* in stately Domes delight,
Snore all the Day, and revel all the Night.
Let us, *my Soul*, *my Love*, *my Life*, *my Dear*,
Joys more refin'd and *heavenly* look for *there*.

There warbling *Birds* shall sooth your tuneful Ears
With Songs as sweet as Musick of the *Spheres*.
Gay *Sights*, and painted *Landskips* shall arise
From ev'ry Hill and Dale to bless your Eyes.

4 *The* COUNTRY LIFE, &c.

Delicious *Scents* from every Herb that grows;
And ev'ry Tree that blooms, and Flow'r that blows,
In rich Perfumes shall *gratify* your Nose.

Fruits of all Sorts shall court your Hand to pull,
And fill your Mouth with goodly *Juices* full.
Your Senses *there* with various Objects blest,
Shall all be treated at Dame *Nature's* Feast.

But what is this to that more solid *Bliss*
Which *there*, my *Fair one* thou can'st never miss?
Thy nobler *Flame*, thy heaven-born *Spirit* there,
More like thy *Maker's Image* shall appear.

There undisturb'd thy Thoughts shall grow
Thy tow'ring *Muse* shall take a loftier Flight,
And all thy *Studies* meet with fresh Delight.
When each created *Substance* that you find,
New Scenes of Thought shall open to the Mind;

With

With Pleasure inexpressible to know
The Reasons *why* and *how* all things do grow.

How the same Matter diff'rent *Forms* assumes,
And how those *Forms* are wove in diff'rent Looms;
How *Earth* to *Earth*, and *Clods* to *Clods* combin'd,
And Particles of *Stone* to *Stones* are join'd;
And the same *Wood* such various Textures bind.

Why *Trees* some hard and dry as Flints, and *some*
Porous as Sives, emit a balmy Gum.

Why *Vines*, if prick't, like human Arteries bleed;
And *Oakes* in *Miniature*, are found in *Seed*.

Why the same *Light*, reflected diff'rent Ways,
In Colours so profuse the *Limmer* plays.

Why *Grass* is green, and Flow'rs of *Endive* blue;

Why *Saffron* yellow, *Beetes* of scarlet hue:

Why *Lillies* white, and *Violets* purple take,

And *Roses*, why a blushing Beauty make.

6 *The* COUNTRY LIFE, &c.

Why in the vegetable kind abound
Such various *Salts* and *Spirits* as are found.

What *Water* is, and how its liquid Frame
Reflects Things back like Glass, and whence it came.
How *Fishes*, without Lungs or Air content,
Live in that soft Chrystalline Element.

How softer *Air*, as BOYLE observes, is full
Of springy Particles, like Locks of Wooll;
Which *rarefy'd*, as Lightning swift invades
The finest Pores and Texture e'en of Shades;
But if *condens'd*, such Force *elastick* takes,
As strongest Pow'rs, like Guns exploded, shakes.

If Things, *my Love*, yet deeper thou would'st
And search the Bowels of the Earth below. ^{know,}

There

The COUNTRY LIFE, &c. 7

There glitt'ring Oar of *Gold* and *Silver* Mines,
And *Minerals*, and *Earths*, of various kinds;
There *Shells* as old as *NOAH's* Flood, and *Bones*
Of *Animals*, and *Fossils* strange, and *Stones*
Of precious Make, and subterraneous *Seas*
Of *Fire* and *Water* strangely mixt shall please.

If Things *above* more than *below* delight,
Then to the Heavenly Regions take thy Flight:
View the bright *Stars*, how in their Orbs they shine,
And Angel-like their glorious *Make* divine.
Why some are *fixt*, and some are *Planets* tell,
And *who* are those that in such *Splendor* dwell.
How thro' the *Zodiack*, Gyant-like, the *Sun*
His all-enlivening Course is glad to run.
What *Fuel* 'tis which feeds that *Sea* of *Fire*,
And in that *Sea* what *Salamanders* dire,

And

8 *The COUNTRY LIFE, &c.*

And Monsters of *Infernal* kind are bred :

How *Flames* on them, and they on *Flames* are fed.

Thence to the *Moon*, that next great *Light* on
That *Silver* Lamp, and *Chrystal* of the Sky, ^{high,}
On winged Thoughts with Learned WILKINS fly.
The Wonders of that unknown *World* explore,
And *see* with him Things *in the dark* before.

How Mountains *there*, as here, on Earth are found,
Vast Tracts of Land, Corn Fields, and Meadow
With living *Forms* of ev'ry Kind that *walks*, ^{Ground.}
Or *creeps*, or *swims*, or *sweetly sings*, or *talks*.
How we to *them*, as *they* to us at Night,
A *Crescent*, and a *waneing* Moon give Light.

How from the strong Impulse of that *high Pow'r*
The Sea, or *ebbs* or *flows* each circling Hour.

How

The COUNTRY LIFE, &c. 9

How the fam'd Number which we *Golden* call,
Comes from the Motion of this *Silver* Ball.

Millions of such *rais'd* Thoughts, my dearest *Muse*,
The still sweet Country Climate will infuse.

See! how with *City* Smoak the *Negro* Sky
Hangs all polluted with a tawny Die :
Whilst far away, see ! yonder painted *Cloud*,
Like some fair *Silk* with lively Colours *proud*,
Salutes the Eye with bright *Carmine* and *Biss*,
And *silent* calls you to the *Country* *Bliss*.

Oh leave the *Town* with all its empty Toys,
And let us there, *my Love*, begin our Joys !

10 *The COUNTRY LIFE, &c.*

There better *Health*, in finer Air shall give
You stronger *Thoughts*, and make them ever live.

There in *still Life*, beneath the painted Roof
Of Heav'ns high vaulted Canopy aloof;
A *Jubile* of *Rest* thou may'st begin;
Live to thy God, and *die* to Care and Sin.
Such was the blest *Abode*, the happy *Clime*,
Where our *first Parents* sweetly spent their Time
In mutual Love and Innocence among
The shady Bow'rs and Trees, and flow'ry Throng
Of *Eden's* Paradise, before they fell,
And turn'd their Earthly *Heaven* into *Hell*.

Thither again, *my Soul*, if thou wouldst know
What Innocence and Love is, thou must go.

The COUNTRY LIFE, &c. II

And *there*, if thou would'st turn that *Hell* again
Into an *Heaven* on Earth, thou must remain.

For where, O *Goddeſs* of the *flow'ry Kind*!
Where but in thy ſoft *Bosom* ſhall we find,
A laſting *Pleasure* with Contentment join'd?

The guilded Trappings of the *Courtiers* Train,
Like pleaſing Viſions of a *Sick Man's* Brain,
Amuſe awhile, but in the End are *vain*.

No ſolid Peace deceitful *Honour* brings,
But *Cares* are thickeſt in the *Crowns* of *Kings*.
Riches have Wings, and often fly away;
Like Porcupines, are *prickly* if they ſtay.

Society, as Muſick ſweet, deſign'd
To chime in *Conſort* with each other's Mind,
Is all to *Discord* turn'd. The greater *Crowd*
With greater Noiſe and Quarrels ſtill is loud:

12 *The* COUNTRY LIFE, &c.

All seek their *own*, and not their *Neighbour's* Good
A *Friend* indeed is of the *Phœnix* Brood.

Those Godlike Virtues, *Justice*, *Goodness*, *Love*
Which should allie us to the *Blest* above,
Are turn'd to *Hatred*, *Avarice*, and *Fraud*,
As a chaste *Nun* is often to a *Bawd*.

The greedy *Vultur* tears the greedy *Kite*,
The *Kites* again the tender *Poultry* smite :
So *Men* a Prey to one another fall,
The Sons of *ADAM* *Canibals* are all.

Religion, ever in itself the *same*,
Bright as the *Starry Regions* whence it came,
Is now a *Weather-cock*, an empty *Name*.
Whilst wise *Discourse*, and solid massy *Sense*,
Is turn'd to *Froth*, and bold *Impertinence*.

The COUNTRY LIFE, &c. 13

Thus Rooks and Crows in *Cedars* build their Nest,
Whilst harmless Doves, like Howlets are oppress'd.
So Party *Crimes* for virtuous Deeds prevail;
He *best* defends the *Church*, who *best* can rail.

Since all Things *thus*, like Images which pass
Within the Verges of a concave Glass,
Are set upon their Heads, let us, *my Dear*,
Act the Reverse of *Mortals* too, and steer
Our Course away from this vain wretched *World*,
Where all Things are in such Confusion hurl'd.
Where full plum'd Vice *triumphant* walks the Streets,
And brow-beat Virtue *sneaks* to all she meets.
Where *Whigg* and *Tory* Principles refin'd,
For *Gospel* Truths, as *Brass* for *Gold*, are coin'd.

Come, come, dear *Peace*, *Religion*, *Learning* all
Loudly upon you for *Retirement* call.

14 *The* COUNTRY LIFE, &c.

A long Adieu bid to the noisy *Town*,
And let us to the *Villages* go down ;
Where silent Life shall smoothly slide along
Unknown to any of that *busy Throng*.

Chuse a good Soil where *Silver Currents* flow,
And hanging *Groves* along their Channels grow.
Where noxious Steams bright *Phæbus* n'ere exhales ;
But rich Perfumes hang on the *Zephir* Gales.
Where honest *Country-men*, with Plows and Spades,
Turn up the mellow *Ground* in fatning Glades,
Which thousands, and ten thousand fold will bring
Into the *Farmer's* Barns, and make him *sing*.

Possess of such a soft *Recess*, no more,
Vain Fool ! Admire the Great One's workdly store ;
Nor long for Onions of th' *Ægyptian* Shore :

But

The COUNTRY LIFE, &c. 15

But as the *Hart* desires the Water-Brooks,
So *dedicate* thy self to *God*, and *Books*.
Visit the *Poor Man* in his humble Cell ;
For *Angels* often there delight to dwell.
Thy *Saviour's* Court was of the Fisher's Train ;
The *Patriarchs* all were humble Men, and plain.
Disdain not then the poorest *Cottages* ;
But wealthy *Boors*, and *Rake-bells* shun for these,
Lies, *Nonsense*, *Oaths*, much *Drink*, and *Slander*
More than good *Sense*, and *Thoughts refin'd*: yet some
'Tis true, tho' *Rich* deserve a better Doom ;
Know how to value *Merit*, and can see
The Beauty of the Soul in low Degree.
Love Arts and Learning, and are deeply smit
With the strong Lines of a chaste Muse's Wit :
Their Earthly *Treasures* can despise for *those*
Which the good Man *by Faith* at Distance knows :

16 *The* COUNTRY LIFE, &c.

Chuse such as *these* (if *such* are to be found)

If not, let *Books*, instead of *Friends*, abound.

When the *best* Thoughts of the *best* Men, in white
And black, like *Stars* in Darknes *bright*,
Shine thro' the Casements of thy Soul, what Friend,
Can so much *Light*, and *real Assistance* lend?

When PLUTARCH, TULLY, PLATO, with the rest
Of those immortal *Heroes*, are thy Guest :
When thy prest *Study* groans beneath the Weight
Of able *Privy Counsellors* in State ;
Physicians, Lawyers, Nat'ralists, Divines ;
What *Company* can charm like that of *Learned Lines*?

Be such *Companions* then, secure from Strife,
The *darling* Fav'rites of thy *Country* Life.

The COUNTRY LIFE, &c. 17

Poetick Raptures from the Muses Hill;

DRYDEN'S immortal *Verse*, or COWLEY'S *Quill*,

Your jaded Thoughts shall *tune* to Musick's Lays,

And with alternate *Pleasure* crown your Days.

Whilst *Limning*, *Painting*, or the Gard'ner's Skill,

The looser Intervals of Life shall fill.

Haste, then, *my dearest Soul*, be like the *Roe*

Upon the Mountain Tops, thy *Bliss* to know:

Swift, as the sailing *Ship* forsakes the Shore,

Fly vicious *Sodom*, and look back no more.

Like *Moles* in Dirt, leave *Worldlings* to the Town,

A Country *Garland* is before a *Crown*.

Oh *Solitude*! Oh blest *Retirement*! how

Shall I raise *Lawrels* for thy Peaceful Brow?

18 *The* COUNTRY LIFE, &c.

Muse strive no more in *vain*, but take thy Lyre
And quickly to those peaceful Shades retire :
Where, with a thousand Beauties *fir'd*, thy Song
Shall *brighten*, as thy Subject moves along.

Great God! whose Image stamp'd on ev'ry Tree
Or smaller Leaf, as in a *Glass*, we see ;
Grant the few Hours I have to spend below,
May all in some such *sweet Retirement* flow.
I ask not to be *Rich*, *Long-liv'd*, or *Great* ;
But give me only some small *Country Seat* :
Thy Goodness loud I'll *sing*, and all my Days,
With holy *David*, meditate thy Praise :
Till like a *Turtle* from its Cage let fly,
My long imprison'd *Soul* shall mount the Sky ;
And from beholding of Thee *darkly* here,
 all thy glorious burning *Light* appear :

The COUNTRY LIFE, &c. 19

Thy Face *unveil'd* shall see, in heavenly *Bliss*;
Of which, my Choice, my *Rural Paradise*,
Like *Glass* to *Gems* a feint Resemblance is.

F I N I S.



The Country Lane No. 19

The Country Lane No. 19
of the County of ...
in the State of ...

1871

